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Taylor Nelson, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Taylor Nelson
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
TAYLOR NELSON
BARITONE

JANETTE PLUMLEY
PIANO

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2012
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Dunque fra torbid' onde, from IL CANTO D'ARIONE Giacomo Peri
(1561–1633)

Assisted by Jeremy Witt, baritone; Brian Cates, bass;
Josée Weigand and Jacob Tudor, violins; Julia Hodecker, viola;
Meredith Lawrence, cello; and Janette Plumley, harpsichord

II

Selections from DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja (1756–1791)
Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen

Bella siccome un angelo, from DON PASQUALE Gaetano Donizetti
(1797–1848)

Avant des quitter ces lieux, from FAUST Charles Gounod
(1818–1893)

III

Selections from TEN HUNGARIAN SONGS Béla Bartók
I. *Tiszán innen, Tiszán túl* (1881–1945)
VIII. *Sej, mikor engem katonának visznek*
X. *Kis kece lányom*

Liebst du um Schönheit Clara Wieck Schumann
(1819–1896)

Der Erlkönig Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

IV

LE BESTIAIRE Francis Poulenc
Le dromadaire (1899–1963)
La chèvre du Thibet
La sauterelle
Le dauphin
L'écrevisse
La carpe

V

The First Concert Mana-Zucca Cassel
(1885–1981)

Race You to the Top of the Morning, from THE SECRET GARDEN Lucy Simon
(b. 1943)

Bring Him Home, from LES MISÉRABLES Claude-Michel Schönberg
(b. 1944)

Taylor is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

*No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cell phones.*

TRANSLATIONS

Dunque fra torbid' onde

Thus over troubled waters I shall exhale my
final sighs. Gentle echo, with your tender
accents, redouble my torments, O tears, O
pains! O death, too bitter and too hard! Oh,
who on the earth or in the sky would accuse
me of a wrongful complaint? And if I grieve
with reason, have pity on me in my grief.

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja

I am the bird-catcher, always jolly: yippee
hippety hop! As bird-catcher I'm well-known
by old and young in the whole land. I know
how to handle the bait, and how to work the
panpipes! Therefore I can be happy and jolly,
for all the birds are truly mine. I'd like a net
for girls; I'd capture them for myself by the
dozens! Then I'd shut them up with me, and
all the girls would be mine. If all the girls were
mine, then I'd exchange them for fine sugar:
The one who was my favorite—to her I'd
gladly hand over the sugar. And if she kissed
me sweetly then, she'd be my wife, and I her
husband. She'd sleep by my side; I'd rock her
to sleep like a child

Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen

A sweetheart or a little wife Papageno wants
for himself. Oh, such a soft little dove would
be bliss for me. Then I'd enjoy drinking and
eating; then I'd rank myself with princes, be
happy as a philosopher of life, and be as if in
Elysium. Alas, so I can't be pleasing to one
among all the charming girls? May just one
help me out of my need, or else I'll surely die
of a broken heart. If no one will grant me love,
then the flame must consume me; But if a
womanly mouth should kiss me, then I'll be
well again.

Bella siccome un angelo

Beautiful as an angel on a pilgrimage to earth,
fresh as the lily that opens upon morning,

eyes that speak and laugh, a glance that
conquers hearts, hair that transcends
ebony, an enchanting smile... An innocent,
ingenuous soul that disregards itself,
incomparable modesty, goodness that
makes you fall in love... Merciful to the
poor, gentle, sweet, affectionate... Heaven
made her be born in order to make a heart
happy.

Avant des quitter ces lieux

Before leaving these places, native soil of
my ancestors, to You, Lord and King of
Heaven, my sister I entrust. Deign from all
danger always, always to protect her, this
sister, so dear! Delivered from a sad
thought, I will go in search of glory, glory in
the midst of enemies, the first, the bravest,
in the heat of the fray, I will go to do
combat for my country, and if, to Him, God
calls me back, I will watch over you loyally,
Oh Marguerite! Before leaving this place,
native soil of my ancestors, to You, Lord
and King of Heaven, I entrust my sister! oh
King of Heaven, look down, protect
Marguerite, King of Heaven!

Tiszán innen, Tiszán túl

On this side of the Tisza, beyond the Tisza,
beyond the Tisza lives a horseman with his
herd. His little bay horse is tied up, with a
felt rope, without a rug, with his master. On
this side of the Tisza, beyond the Tisza,
beyond the Danube there is a herdsman
with his flock. He lets his flock graze, he
awaits his sweetheart with a bed of sward.

Sej, mikor engem katonának visnek

Hey, when they take me into the army all
the poplar leaves will drop off. Mourn me,
girls of Benedek, hey, I will not visit you

for three years. Hey, when they take me into the army even the water in the ditch trembles. Let the water tremble in the ditch, hey, as long as my sweetheart loves me truly.

Kis kece lányom

My little girl is dressed in white, my sweetheart is in white, dressed in white. I say: turn towards me, my betrothed woman, I say: turn towards me, my betrothed woman.

Leibst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty, oh, do not love me! Love the sun, she has golden hair! If you love for youth, oh, do not love me! Love the spring; it is young every year! If you love for treasure, oh do not love me! Love the mermaid; she has many clear pearls! If you love for love, oh yes, do love me! Love me ever, I'll love you evermore!

Der Erlkönig

Who rides so late through the night and wind? It's the father with his child; he has the boy safe in his arm, he holds him secure, he holds him warm. "My son, what makes you hide your face in fear?" "Father, don't you see the Erlking? The Erlking with crown and scepter?" "My son, it's a wisp of fog." "You dear child, come along with me! Such lovely games I'll play with you; many colorful flowers are at the shore, my mother has many a golden garment." "My father, my father, and do you not hear what the Erlking promises me so softly?" "Be quiet, stay quiet, my child; in the dry leaves the wind is rustling." "Won't you come along with me, my fine boy? My daughters shall attend to you so nicely. My daughters do their nightly dance, and they'll rock you and dance you and sing you to sleep. And they'll rock you and dance you and sing you to sleep." "My

father, my father, and do you not see over there Erlking's daughters in that dark place?" "My son, my son, I see it most definitely: it's the willow trees looking so grey." "I love you; I'm charmed by your beautiful form; and if you're not willing, then I'll use force!" "My father, my father, now he's grabbing hold of me! Erlking has done me harm!" The father shudders, he rides swiftly, he holds in arms the moaning child. He reaches the farmhouse with effort and urgency. In his arms the child was dead.

Le dromadaire

With his four dromedaries Don Pedro de Alfarrobeira roamed the world and liked it. He did what I'd do if I had four dromedaries.

La chèvre du Thibet

The fleece of this goat and even the golden one that Jason labored for are worth nothing when compared to the hair that I'm in love with

La sauterelle

Here's the fine grasshopper, John the Baptist's food. May my poetry be like it, a treat for the best people.

Le dauphin

Dolphin, you romp in the sea, but the waves are always bitter. Yes, my joy breaks through at times, but life is as hard as ever.

L'écrevisse

Uncertainly, oh my delight, you and I we get away as crabs do, backwards, backwards.

La carpe

In your pools, in your ponds, carp, you live such a long time! Does death pass over you, fish of despondency?



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